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*Golden Victory
Issue*




LEHIGH REVIEW



CHICK MEEHAN
FAMOUS COACH

Chick Meehan's *INSIDE TIPS ON* **WATCHING FOOTBALL**



AT THE GAME, CAMELS EASE THE STRAIN—AND AFTER IT'S OVER, WHEN YOU FEEL 'ALL IN', GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!

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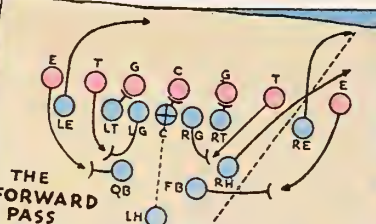
MR. MEEHAN, MY SISTER BETTY WANTS SOME INSIDE DOPE ON FOOTBALL!

SURE! COME UP IN THE STANDS AND WE'LL WATCH THIS PRACTICE GAME!

IT TOOK ELEVEN MEN TO MAKE THAT PASS PERFECT!

WHAT A PERFECT PASS THOSE TWO MEN MADE!

THE FORWARD PASS



LE RUNS STRAIGHT, SWERVES TO RIGHT—LT BLOCKS TACKLE—LG BLOCKS TACKLE—C BLOCKS C—RG BLOCKS TACKLE—RT BLOCKS GUARD—RE RUNS DOWN FIELD, SWERVES TO RIGHT—RH FAKES BLOCK, SWERVES TO RIGHT—FB BLOCKS END—QB BLOCKS FOR PASSER—LH FADES BACK AND SHOOTS PASS TO RE WHO IS SPRINTING TO RIGHT—

WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED

NOW—WATCH THIS PUNT FROM THE SAME FORMATION!

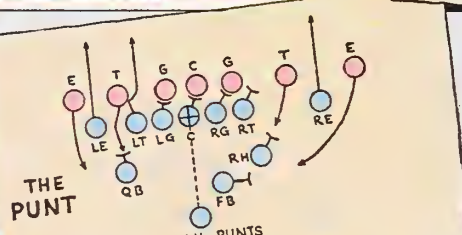
I DIDN'T KNOW EACH MAN HAD SUCH A DEFINITE JOB

BETTY SEES A BACK GET OFF A 60-YD. SPIRAL

—AND

THIS IS HOW IT WAS DONE

THE PUNT



LE RUNS DOWN UNDER BALL—LT CHECKS TACKLE AND THEN RUNS DOWN UNDER BALL—LG, C, RG, AND RT HOLD LINE—RE RUNS DOWN FAST UNDER PUNT—RH BLOCKS TACKLE—FB BLOCKS END—QB BLOCKS TACKLE OR END—GIVING LH TIME TO PUNT

WELL, BETTS, DID YOU LEARN SOMETHING?

REMEMBER, WATCH THE LINEMEN

DID I! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE BIG GAME!

BETTY LEARNS THESE PLAYS—AND MANY OTHERS

A SPLENDID RUN—BUT GOOD BLOCKING MADE IT POSSIBLE

YOU'RE AN EXPERT NOW, THANKS TO CHICK MEEHAN!

BETTY AT THE BIG GAME

THAT GAME WAS A THRILLER! HAVE A CAMEL!

I NEED ONE! SO MANY THRILLS USE UP A LOT OF ENERGY!

A CAMEL ALWAYS RENEWS MY FLOW OF ENERGY WHEN I NEED IT—AND THEY NEVER GET ON MY NERVES

YES, THEY CERTAINLY ARE MILD!

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(SIGNED)
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
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GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!

THE LEHIGH
REVIEW

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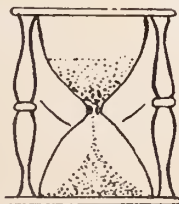
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Fifty years ago Lehigh's football team won its first victory. This issue commemorates that event. In its contents you will find recalled some of the history and tradition that a half century has produced . . . stories of the famous players . . . notes on the big games. Here is the stuff that bull-sessions are made of.

The staff of the Lehigh Review presents its “Golden Victory” issue.

Disk Data

by Manheimer

LATELY the hobby of record collecting has assumed the proportions of a national collegiate fad. Collectors vie with each other to see who can get the most unusual recordings and the most varied arrangements of each number. Many specialize in such queer titles as "You Old Man Too Old You Too Bold You Too Cold In Fact You Too Old," "Teacher Nosegay the Shouter," and "Why Me Neighbor Me Vex." You may not go in for collecting on a large scale, but you probably are interested in some of the current releases.

For an unusual record Reginald Foresythe's arrangement and playing of "St. Louis Blues" belongs in anyone's collection. Forsythe is famous for his unusual compositions, and this extraordinary arrangement of an old favorite is one not heard every day. His piano playing deserves A rating. A Mr. A. Young has written a composition called "Camembert," and very good on the ears it is, especially since Messrs. Young and Foresythe have collaborated in a piano duet. **Columbia.**

During the summer of 1934 a choice bit called "Steak and Potatoes," was granted to the public. Now Willie Bryant has shoved it into high gear. Use this record before dinner as an appetizer. On the reverse side is another hot old favorite. The name is "Liza," and the temperature is very high, especially when the saxes do their stuff. Willie has done a good job on both of these pieces. **Victor.**

In the beginning of the jazz era when ragtime was at its prime, a piece called "Weary Blues" was a favorite. Tommy Dorsey has speeded this composition up, so that now it can hardly be called a blues, but really torrid. Tommy's trombone and the band's saxes and piano are especially commendable. Turn this record over and there is a currently popular number called "Now You've Got Me Doing It." This is the best arrangement of this piece yet published. Listen especially for Edyth Wright's vocal. **Victor.**

Tommy's brother, Jimmy, with the assistant of the original Dorsey Brothers' Orchestra has made a record one side of which is "But I Can't Make A Man." Our old friend Mildred Bailey tells in a sweet style that she just ain't got the stuff it takes. On the other side is the old blues song, "She's Funny That Way." Jerry Cooper here relates musically that he



The bartender rocks his baby to sleep

has too much of what it takes. I wonder if Mildred ever met Jerry. **Brunswick.**

For a few of the slower, smoother tunes you might try the following: Eddie Duchin has recorded his version of "Will Love Find a Way?" and "It's Dangerous to Love Like This." The former was written for the Princeton show "Stags at Bay" and stands out as a topnotch composition. "It's Dangerous to Love Like This" is a newer title and should soon be popular. The stars of this show are Eddie's piano and Lew Sherwood's vocals. **Victor.**

Cole Porter has written another ace-high piece for his "Jubilee." It's "Just One of Those Things"; the orchestra that plays it is Richard Himber's; the vocals are rendered by Stuart Allen; the record is by Victor. If you happen to like records with the entire score of a show combined in a medley, Paul Whiteman has recorded on a Victor twelve inch six of the gems from "Jubilee." These are "Just One of Those Things," "Why Shouldn't I?" "Me and Marie," "A Picture of Me Without You," "Begin the Beguine," and "When Love Comes Your Way."

Two mediocre pictures have produced two outstanding pieces. Both "I Found a Dream" from "Redheads on Parade" and "Tender Is the Night" from "Here Comes the Band" are worth listening to. Enric Madriguera's Orchestra and Tony Sacco's singing make this record memorable. **Victor.**

Biled by a Raccoon Rah-Rah?

... light an Old Gold



ONLY FINE OLD TOBACCO can give that natural aroma and fragrance of Old Gold cigarettes.

WHEN you get your signals crossed and have to attend a Big Game with a Small Potato . . . don't let him throw you for a loss. Instead . . . light a fragrant, mellow-mild Old Gold, hitch your gaze to that handsome halfback . . . and thrill to the smoothness of both!

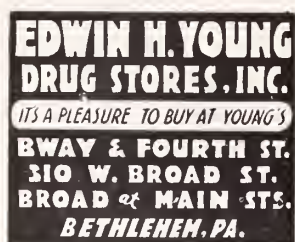
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AT TRYING TIMES . . . TRY A *Smooth* OLD GOLD



Let's Go to Young's

to get to know one another;
to swap nickels and dimes;
to do one another a good
turn if humanly possible, so
that together we may enjoy
your stay in Bethlehem, is
the desire of the



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better, Prestone or McKay Antifreeze),
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Nonchalance

Lids off to the lad out on the golf course who struck a new high in **sang froid** recently. He was teeing off at the first hole, and about three foursomes were waiting for him. At the first stroke, which had a world of power behind it, he missed the ball completely. The winning crowd shifted on its feet. Once more he got into position, and once more he missed the teed ball. This happened four times. The crowd was embarrassed, but not so the chap with the club. With an engaging smile, he turned on them all. "Tough course," he remarked.

—Gargoyle

Too True

"What's all the hurry?"

"I just bought a text-book and I'm trying to get to class before the next edition comes out."

—Record

Hell for Leather

"For example, if I were to buy a pair of shoes . . ."

—Ely: **Outlines of Economics.**

Shoes shoes shoes shoes

That's Economics—the study of shoes.

Whene'er a professor—

Ph.D. or lesser,

Seer, expert, or guesser—

Interprets a view,

He always explains it,

Endorses or blames it,

Applauds or defames it

In terms of the shoe.

"For instance, if I manufactured—";

"Suppose you produced your own—";

"A and B are partners in a firm which sells—."

In phrases like these the next word is invariably:

Not candy or rope,

Or sweet scented soap.

Not even brogans,

Pumps, Bluchers, or Hogans,

But—

Shoes shoes shoes shoes

That's what we're here for — to learn about shoes.

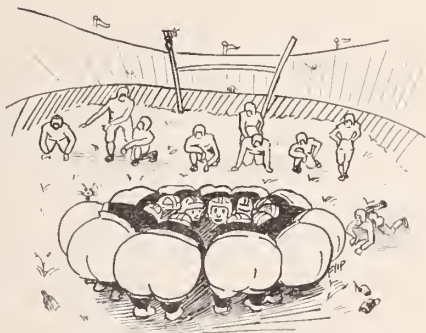
—Exchange

"Smile that way again."

She blushed and dimpled sweetly.

"Just as I thought—you look like a chipmunk."

—Widow



*And little Audrey laughed,
and laughed, and laughed . . .*

Oh, That's Nothing

Recently a European was trying to bring out that very often Americans did things the wrong way. "You know," he said, "in concocting a highball they pour in a little whiskey to make it strong, and a little water to make it weak; then, they put in a little lemon to make it sour, and a little sugar to make it sweet; a little gin to make it hot, and ice to make it cold; and then they say, 'Here's to you,' and drink it themselves."

—White Mule

Haw!

Two pints make one cavort.

—Lord Jeff

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Great Lehigh Games

by Kenneth K. Kost, '31

IN the football history of all colleges, there are great games — games about which the old grads still talk, games which the spectators have never forgotten. What makes these games great? Sometimes it is a victory over an ancient rival; sometimes it is a defeat at the hands of a team conceded by experts to be much superior — the moral victory. At other times, it may be an event of the game itself — a long pass, a great kick, a stone-wall defense at the goal, a last minute play which made the victory possible. Lehigh's 51 years of football have produced many such great games. It would take a book to include them all. No matter which ones are selected some fan will disagree. These that are given here are given with the hope that the alumni and friends of Lehigh football will contribute others.

The Game That Wasn't

It is Saturday, October 26, 1889. Cornell is here in South Bethlehem to meet Lehigh. Lehigh won last year but only by a 4-0 score, and today Cornell has a better team. Here we are on the athletic grounds. In years to come they'll build Taylor Stadium here, but today we have to stand around. This rain will cut the attendance; anyway football isn't very popular as yet. Here come the teams, but the game doesn't start. The managers and captains are in a huddle.

The manager of the Cornell team, Mr. Williams, demands that Mr. Snodgrass, manager of the Lafayette football team, be allowed to umpire. Yesterday, the Cornell captain, Mr. Upton, agreed to Mr. Jones and Mr. Spicer, of Princeton as umpire and referee, but now Mr. Williams says, "Snodgrass or nobody."

Captain Samuel D. Warriner, he'll be a trustee of Lehigh some day, glares from behind his mustache. "It'll be nobody then." Cornell leaves the field. The spectators get their money back and leave the field.

It is four o'clock. Captain Upton of Cornell will compromise. Manager Williams of Cornell will umpire, and Richard Harding Davis of Lehigh can referee. It is getting dark, there is a driving rain, Captain Warriner isn't interested. Cornell goes back to Ithaca. The game is off.

The First Great Year

It is November 20, 1889, Lehigh is battling to

retain the state championship. Just two weeks ago, Penn defeated Lehigh, 6-4; but that was at Philadelphia, and today the game is here on our own field. It is raining; the field is a sea of mud through which the players slip and slide. The first half is nearly over. Thayer, Penn fullback, kicks to Hutchinson, Lehigh fullback. He fumbles. Dewey, right tackle for Penn, scoops up the ball and goes fifty yards for a touchdown. No — Penn was holding; the touchdown doesn't count.

It's the second half now. Lehigh has the ball on Penn's twenty-five yard line. Warriner hits center for thirteen yards, and Rafferty, left tackle, goes across to put Lehigh ahead, 4-0. The try for the goal fails, and the battle goes on. Hutchinson gets off a pass to Dashiell who goes forty-five yards for another touchdown. This time Lehigh is offside, and the score remains 4-0. Back and forth the teams struggle through the mud. Finally, Dashiell carries the ball over from the five-yard line; he fails to make the goal. There are only a few minutes left now. The game is over — Lehigh 8, University of Pennsylvania 0. The Brown and White is champion of Pennsylvania.

The Cheers That Counted

Lehigh rooters are few and far between this afternoon at Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass. It is Friday, November 22, 1889, and but two days ago Lehigh defeated Penn, 8-0 to win the championship of Pennsylvania. But Wesleyan will be easy.

Dashiell tries a drop during the first few minutes of play; it falls short, and Hall, Wesleyan fullback catches it. He fumbles, and Emery, Lehigh left end, recovers and goes across for a touchdown. The Wesleyan rooters are quite glum until they discover that Lehigh was offside. Dashiell isn't to be stopped; a dropkick from the forty-yard line puts Lehigh ahead 5-0. Now, Slayback, Wesleyan captain and halfback, makes a touchdown; but the break is in Lehigh's favor, a Wesleyan man was holding.

The second half opens, and Dashiell, a great player this fellow Dashiell, makes a touchdown and kicks the goal to give Lehigh an 11-0 lead. War-

continue on page 16

The Iron Man of '05

by Charles F. McCoy

WHO was Andy Farabaugh? Most of you, I suppose, have never heard of him. Your first guess will be right, though. He was a football player. (After all, this is the football issue of the "Review.") In checking to see if Andy was as popular as he had been pictured to me, I spoke to Billy Burkhardt.

"Andy Farabaugh? He was one great football player. Everybody knows and speaks well of Andy as one of Lehigh's best backs."

That sounded interesting, and here's what several hours of inquiry brought forth.

Andy was Lehigh's Joe Louis. Exaggerated stories would have him sending the entire Lafayette basketball team to the floor with lefts to the body and rights to the jaw. That's rather strong but, nevertheless, there's plenty of glamour in his four years at Lehigh.

Andy was a member of the class of 1904. Four

years at Lehigh were four years of football. His 5 ft. 10 in., 175-lb. body contained the essentials for physical success. Yet his was not the success of other great football players. Proverbial "romance" has placed him above many football greats.

To say that Andy played varsity halfback for three years is not astonishing. Even to mention that he captained the team during his junior and senior years is but an indication of the stories and thrills ready for retelling.

Lehigh won Lafayette games in both '02 and '03. "Brown and Whites" printed in red, tell of these battles. Captain Farabaugh was the hero. Scoring the winning touchdown and converting the extra point brought to a glorious end his football career.

He was a captain in name and dominating in personality. To read of his playing is a thrill. Throughout the Brown and Whites of 1901 to 1904, the football writeups are filled with "Andy kicked goal." Andy was his only name at school.

"Landefelt played well, Butler made long gains, but **Andy** kicked goal."

"Never a dull moment with Farabaugh around," laughed Billy Burkhardt. "Here's his picture," he continued, appropriately bringing a 1904 "Epitome" from a drawer beneath one of the dispensary's reclining tables. "He was a hard fellow to deal with, but he'd do anything for me."

Andy had a great aversion for the colored race. With the team at Buffalo in 1901, Billy remembered having a hard time to control "his boy." Andy, it seems, spied a group of negroes from his hotel room window. The most handy missiles were several cakes of soap. These were soon hitting the dark targets on the street below. "It was kind of hard to stop him, that time," Billy smiled. "Especially when he reached for the wash bowl."

Andy and his teammate, Landefelt, were almost identical in appearance. Many of their frequent "scraps" took the form of open warfare. Farabaugh made a "date" with a chambermaid (ask Billy) after the game at Buffalo. The two were to meet in the hotel lobby at half past eight. The girl was there and went out with whom she thought was



Andy Farabaugh

continued on page 29

The Triumph of Thaddeus White

by Sidney J. Lewis

AFTER the doctor had sat down, the Army man rose and knocked his slender pipe against his palm. His speech was careful and subdued, but it carried a sustained tone of emphasis, evidently acquired through years of command. "I wish Chaucer could be here tonight. How much he would have enjoyed sitting in this group, listening quietly — hearing eight new friends tell tales in the ancient fashion, each of them interesting and vital, with a vitality it owes to its fictionless character alone. I am going to tell a story, too, a rather long one, for two reasons. In the first place, we should be totally unfair to ourselves, if we should close our eyes to a night like this; and in the second place, it is not usual that a man is hanged because he did not bother to bury the body."

"For no reason, except that the precedent has been set, I will introduce myself as Major Brandythe, two months retired from the army that has played games since its return from France. Although I was still under orders from Washington at the time of my story, I had no actual contact with the case as a soldier; but how intimately I was concerned you will see later. What I say now, I want you to realize also, attains coherency simply because I was nearly two thousand miles removed from Nosaint Island and was forced to learn the details of the case from all available

sources, thereby gaining an omniscience that no one concerned could have had. It is in accordance with natural chronology, then, that I speak, sometimes introducing bits of extraneous information which were picked up many years later than 1923.



FEATRESS

"In late March, 1923, a plump little sloop left New York harbor as if it meant to meet the sun when it appeared over the horizon. It could have been stored in a good-sized living room, since it measured not more than thirty feet from bow to stern; but it was built stronger than a safe, and all the nautical knowledge of its designers was shown in its construction. Two men stood with legs spread wide on the deck, watching the metropolis cover itself with the morning haze as it slipped into the distance, and waiting for the sun to rise high enough to warm the air that still carried the cool qualities of night. There was as much contrast in these two men as a story-teller could hope for. One was Thaddeus White, who owned the boat. The other was called Harper (that was his first name), and he worked for White, seeking adventure and the high price at which his neck's risk was valued. White's body was almost tragic enough to be called inhuman — scrawny, short, almost without muscle or fat, it suggested a musty skeleton, clothed in a poorly-fitting garment of skin — and his face was repulsive without the usual attraction of the merely grotesque. Physically, Harper was his antipodes. Tall and strong-limbed, he might have been one of the more daring Argonauts, on solitary quest for the Golden Fleece. Close-cropped black hair fitted his head like a cunningly made wig; stern, classic features made him look almost Greek, but unusually high cheekbones gave him an appearance of single-minded determination that Ulysses never had.

"Yet in a way White was much like his younger companion. He had a strong sense for adventure and daredeviltry, otherwise he would not have set out like this to cross the Atlantic in a capsule-size boat. To Spain they were pointing (any port would do), and in his tiny body White felt the first actual triumph of his life: he was out to beat a world that had consistently baited him. For a brief moment he forgot his skinny limbs and twisted frame in the nearest thing to exultation that he had ever known. He reviewed the rush of activities through the past months: plans made with never sufficient care; courses charted, unlikely to be followed; his boat designed and built (then, for the first time in his life, he was glad for a fat legacy); provisions selected; and, finally, men interviewed and one man chosen to be his assistant and quasi-companion for the dangerous voyage of indefinite length. It took him a full week, to select Harper, and he must have done it in a gesture of inexplicable irony. For of all men he hated his type most; he saw in their clean-limbed beauty all the grace of figure that he lacked and

blamed them for whatever pre-natal misfortunes had caused his deformities. But perhaps he realized in a wisdom submerging emotion that a physical giant would be needed to master his little sloop in the storms certain to be met. At any rate, they were off; the two of them were alone, and silence was impossible for either.

"They hung close to the shore until they saw the coast of Virginia and then veered obliquely eastward, past sight or sign of land. Here they were first initiated into the vast and regular solitude of the sea. Both, too, soon recognized genuine loneliness — Harper, because he had never been without companionship, and White, because he had never wanted it. To overcome a resentment that he could not understand the younger man followed the unwise course he could have chosen: he exhibited a paternal solicitude for his superior, assuming all difficult and strenuous labors, helping him in and out of the tiny cabin, and in general emphasizing all those defects which White wanted most to forget. What could happen but that White's growing friendliness changed into hatred and jealousy, bringing at times violent fits of rage, in which he strode across the tiny deck like a jerky puppet, excoriating Harper venomously, calling him a stupid fool, and telling him without tact how the ship should be run.

"His poor psychology Harper realized too late, and the older man became unbearable as days built weeks and months. Master and servant, hater and hated, dwarf and giant, they continued across the empty sea until they first saw those tiny islands of the western Azores that looked as if they had been splashed from some volcano in fearful travail. Here misfortune seized them quickly and completely. During a wild local storm the woeful combination of a tremendous gust of wind and a gigantic wave struck the boat, and with an agonized creaking it threw both men into the water. To describe their struggle to the nearest bit of land would be impossible, but accept my word for it that in a time that cannot be reckoned according to any common denominator Harper found himself on the shore of a tiny island, with a lock of White's hair clenched tightly in his fist. Because he saw below the hair a limp body, he set to work as soon as his strength returned to clear a full quart of water from the lungs of the crumpled-up heap that was Thaddeus White. This accomplished, he valiantly struggled to restore life to the half-dead body. He was fatally successful. White arose as unsteadily as a drunken sailor and tottered down the beach alone.

"Sparkling in a sun already touching the horizon,

continued on page 26

WALTER CAMP wasn't sure that Lehigh's 1912 football team, which had met and conquered 9 out of 11 foes, including Lafayette, Franklin and Marshall, and Navy, had any player of All-America attainments. So when he announced his choice for the year's football immortals, Vincent J. Pazzetti, Jr., Lehigh '14, only made the second team.

But back in those days Camp was still inexperienced; his annual best-eleven not yet a tradition and always open to question. In that particular year, an overwhelming majority of experts disregarded Camp and named "Pat" Pazzetti as the best quarterback in the country—put him in their All-American first string with much less hesitation than they did Jim Thorpe, world famous Carlisle Indian; gave him 13 votes for quarterback as against his nearest rival's 6. Lehigh men had authority for boasting, as they did in the **Burr** and the **Brown and White**. "As an all-around quarterback, Pat has no equal."

He was only here two years. He transferred with sophomore standing from Wesleyan and left Lehigh after his junior year. Lehigh claims him for her own, though, for he captained her team in that brilliant 1912 season, the height of his four-year gridiron career; and it seems that Pat, on his part, is just as pleased to have it that way.

The rise to fame was not a gradual one and seemed to begin only after his election to lead the eleven; for in the previous season his performances had not really excited anyone. He had played at Wellesley, Mass., his home town, while in high school, and with the Wesleyan varsity while a freshman there, but his transfer to Lehigh provoked little comment. C. R. Wylie, '13, was the most noticed player in the 1911 season, Pazzetti's first here. But it was the newcomer, not one of the Lehigh veterans, who was chosen for the captaincy in December.

And the 1912 football record reads like a Pazzetti diary. The Epitome summarized it: "Lehigh enjoyed the most brilliantly successful football season in her history" — that was Pat Pazzetti. Pazzetti running twice through the entire Delaware team for a touchdown; Pazzetti catching a punt in midfield, never stopping till he had placed the ball between the Navy goalposts; Pazzetti completing a perfect thirty-yard forward pass in the Lafayette game; Pazzetti running 100 yards for a touchdown against Swarthmore; hurling passes that Jim Thorpe and his Indians could not break up, and racing more than 100 yards for a touchdown again.

He was a perfect field general. He outguessed

Lehigh's All-American

by P.E.P. White

everybody. It was impossible to predict his next play, whether he would kick one of his accurate, quick punts, pass the ball, or carry it himself through the whole opposing line. At 21, he was 5 feet 10½ inches, and only 158 pounds; qualifications of which he made the most when weaving through heavy opposition.

It was small wonder, after Navy had bowed, 14-0, F. & M., 29-0, and seven other major threats had been disposed of, that coach Tom Keady and physical director "Bosey" Reiter pronounced Pazzetti the best quarterback they had ever seen, bar none. Glenn "Pop" Warner, then coach of Carlisle, agreed; Louis A. Douglass of the Washington "Times" and Parke H. Davis, Princeton expert, were among the nationally-known experts who held the opinion that Pat was at least the best player of the year.

Pat's fraternity at Wesleyan was Alpha Delta Phi. There was no chapter here, so he lived off the campus, at 308 Packer avenue. Worthy of note is the report of the late Natt M. Emery, then vice president of the University, that Pat had passed 18 credit hours out of the 18 on his curriculum in 1912.

Today there is a "Pat" III, Bus. '37, and Chi Phi, doing his best to equal the gridiron feats his father performed nearly a quarter century ago. The star of 1912 has settled in Bethlehem; supervises open hearth furnace work for the Steel Company, and whenever he can — which is very frequently — he supervises Lehigh's football squad of 1935. It is his hobby. He is not a coach, but all secret practices are open to him. You have seen him watching new maneuvers for hours down on Taylor field; talking to the team between halves on Saturdays. He drives to every game away from home.

You have seen him, and you will see him again; a dark, stocky, agile man with a pleasant face, intent on following every move of every player. He understands them.

You must have seen him. He's Lehigh's All-American.

Our Man Hoffman

LLOYD "Trusty" HOFFMAN, hero of heroes—a martyr to football who is remembered not for the touchdowns he made, not for the games he won, but for the man he was.

"Trusty" is never thought of in the light of football. He entered college in 1907 and graduated in 1915. He never flunked. He worked his way. At various intervals, he remained away from school some months,—working—in Canada, and South America—to get the funds to complete his education.

While at school he worked,—serving meals at the University "Commons." He was out for football, too, every minute that he could spare. Through those long eight years he never missed a practice if he was in college during football season.

Four years he practiced. He was small in stature, and weighed less than 150 lbs. He never played in a game, but he was always there, always the first to come and the last to leave.

In 1915 he was a senior. The Lafayette game was

his last chance to play. At the end of the half the first string center was injured. Coach Keady looked up and called "Trusty, get a helmet." In thirty seconds, "Trusty" was in the game, urged on by the greatest cheer ever sent up from Taylor Stadium. He was anxious, thankful, and happy. On the first play he made a tackle, downed the ball carrier behind the line of scrimmage. He played on and finished the game—a Lehigh victory.

"Trusty" made no touchdown, yet he may be called **The** Lehigh hero. At the football banquet following the game, the players were presented with letters—their "L." "Trusty" was one of them. Following the awards Tom Keady quieted the group and began speaking. His words were words of praise and admiration. He pulled bald-headed "Trusty" to his feet. In appreciation, Tom, out of the goodness of his heart, presented "Trusty" with the prize of the evening—a gold watch.

Bosey Reiter knew him well and appreciates his character to the fullest.

"Always had a pleasant disposition," smiles Bosey. "I always tell his story as exemplifying the best in perseverance and loyalty. He was a man!"

C.F.McC.



Names, numbers, and salaries of all the players

Victory Number One....

by Leonard H. Schick

The Lehigh athletic grounds at 2:10 p. m., Saturday afternoon, November 14, 1885. The Lehigh football team is to play its second game of a series with Rutgers. Last year Rutgers won, 61-0. Lehigh has yet to win its first football victory.

The lineup:

Lehigh		Rutgers	
Polk		Tait	
Lee		Ogden	
LaDoo		Wynkoop	
Pierce (center)	Rushers	Rogers (center)	
Dougherty		Davis	
Wetzel		Scudder	
Phillips		Collier	
Smith (captain)	Quarterback	Chamberlain	
Howard	Halfback	DeWitt	
Lewis	Halfback	Pattison	
Wilson	Fullback	Reily	

Rutgers kicks off and in a few minutes has the ball deep in Lehigh's territory when Pattison, Rutgers halfback, secures a free catch. He kicks the goal, and Rutgers leads, 5-0, in the first three minutes of play.

But Lehigh, undaunted by the quick score, fights hard and soon penetrates into scoring territory. Some brilliant team playing and individual runs by LaDoo and Polk brings the ball close to the goal line. Here Dougherty grasps the ball and touches it down for Lehigh. No goal results from this. The score now reads 5-4 in Rutgers' favor.

After some hard playing with Lehigh having the advantage the ball is worked within five yards of Rutgers goal when Smith scores another touchdown for Lehigh. Again no goal results. Wide-awake playing by Smith, LaDoo, and Wilson keeps the ball constantly in Rutgers' territory and finally Rutgers is forced to yield a safety touchdown. Lehigh now leads, 10-5.

In the second inning Wilson gets the ball and runs three-quarters the length of the field before he is tackled. Lehigh continues to advance, but Rutgers braces and takes the ball on its own five-yard line. This is the last scoring threat of the day.

Rutgers led by Wynkoop, Rogers, and Pattison

attempts to make a touchdown, but the attack fails, and Lehigh wins its first football game, 10-5. The students go wild, and there is much rejoicing and celebrating on the campus and in the town that night.

Although this was Lehigh's first football victory, the game had been a major sport since 1884. In that year the team played its first intercollegiate contest with Lafayette at Easton, losing 52-0.

Richard Harding Davis, the late journalist, who played in Lehigh's first backfield writes of the game: "My chief recollection is the personal contact and encounters with the spectators and the Easton police, who had an instinctive prejudice against Lehigh men which they expressed by kicking them in the head whenever one of them went under the ropes for the ball."

It was during this game that Lehigh refused to



play unless the referee was changed. Mr. Updegrove, director of the Lafayette gym, acted as referee during the first half of the game. To the players, his decisions were so obviously unfair and partial that the Lehigh captain insisted that he be removed. Accordingly Mr. Wittmer of Lafayette was selected as referee.

The second game of the 1884 season was won by Rutgers, 61-0, and it was not until the next game with Lafayette that Lehigh scored her first touchdown. Richard Harding Davis made a short run and touched the ball down for Lehigh, thus sav-

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....From Two Viewpoints

Accounts of football games were not always written in a sportsmanlike manner. In the old days, victories were won by deserving heroes and defeats suffered through the interference of "robber" referees. These excerpts from the *Burr* and the *Targum* (both describing the same game, incidently) will illustrate.

From *The Targum*

THE game at Bethlehem on the 14th inst. was a poorly contested one throughout.

The team showed a lack of practice which was lamentable, considering the lateness of the season and the strenuous efforts which had been made to get the men together on the grounds for the past week. Still all things must run their course. First the fever then the lethargy is the rule of nature, applicable to football as well as physiology and economics. For several years past the high standard of the college in this game has been maintained in spite of most disheartening circumstances, but the purely nervous strength of a small institution cannot long sustain such a strain. When we consider the fact that one-tenth of the whole college plays on the football team, a defeat by a college containing about four hundred students is not such a surprising thing after all.

But little need be said of the game. We were outweighed, out-fought and out-refereed. Play was called at 2:06 p. m. with the wind and the sun in Lehigh's favor. The ball was quickly pushed toward Lehigh's goal, and Pattison secured a free earth from which a goal was kicked. After this the decisions of the referee became positively rank, and as judgment after judgment was rendered the wearers of the scarlet became more and more disheartened, played more and more listlessly, while the ball was gradually pushed nearer and nearer our goal. How such an epitome of brazenness and partiality, in the guise of a referee, could have been allowed to remain on the field after his very first decision, passes human ken, but he was allowed, and the result was that football at Rutgers was practically killed for this year at least. Soon a point by Lehigh and a fumble by Rutgers gave Lehigh a touchdown from which they failed to kick a goal, however. The ball was dribbled and punted out, and then the same miserable style of play was resumed. The ball was, with the kindly aid of the

referee, forced near Rutgers' goal line, and another touchdown scored for Lehigh. The try at goal again failed. The ball was kicked out, punted across our goal line, touched down and called a safety by his majesty the referee. From this out the play was about even on both sides, and no more points were scored by either college. Once the ball was placed within ten feet of the Lehigh goal line, but the attempt was spasmodic and the game finished with the ball near the center of the field.

From *The Burr*

THE game was called on the Athletic Grounds, South Bethlehem, at 2:10 p. m. by Referee H. W. W. Frauenthal, in the absence of Referee Fell. The following teams appeared:—

Lehigh University,—Rushers—Polk, Lee, LaDoo, Pierce (center), Dougherty, Wetzell and Phillips; quarterback—Smith (captain); halfbacks—Howard and Lewis; fullback—Wilson.

Rutgers College—Rushers—Tait, Odgen, Wynkoop, Rogers (center), Davis, Scudder and Collier; quarterback—Chamberlain; halfbacks—DeWitt and Pattison; fullback—Reiley.

Rutgers kicked off, and soon forced the ball close to Lehigh's goal, when Pattison secured a free catch and kicked a goal for Rutgers. Some brilliant team playing on the part of Lehigh, and individual plays by LaDoo and Polk brought the ball close to Rutgers' goal, when Dougherty secured the ball and touched it down for Lehigh. No goal resulted from this. After some hard playing, the ball was worked within Rutgers' five-yard line, when Smith made another touchdown for Lehigh. No goal resulted. Soon after Lehigh forced Rutgers to a safety touchdown. Good playing by Smith, LaDoo and Wilson kept the ball in Rutgers' territory.

This was the first victory for the University eleven, and consequently there was great rejoicing thereat. The Lehigh rush-line played excellently. Wilson, Howard and Lewis kept up their records for good playing. Rogers, Pattison and Wynkoop did the best playing for Rutgers.

The Grand Canyon

by *Melvin S. Lord*



A TITANIC gash in the earth's surface, 217 miles long, 18 to 20 miles wide, more than a mile deep, and one of nature's greatest masterpieces, the Grand Canyon. It was first discovered by white men, Spaniards, in 1540, and was not seen again until 1776 by a group of Spanish priests. For more than eighty years after that it was unvisited except by Indians and wandering herdsmen and trappers. In 1857, an Army expedition under Lieutenant Ives ascended the Colorado River as far as was possible by boat; but it remained for John Wesley Powell, a school-teacher, geologist, and one-armed veteran of the Civil War (later Director of the United States Geological Survey), to dare and accomplish the exploration of the mighty Colorado and the Grand Canyon.

With nine men and four boats, Major Powell started from Green River City, Utah, in 1869. Over three months later he had passed through the Grand Canyon and down the Colorado River, though he had lost two boats and four men. The trip was hazardous to the extreme. Unknown adventures and dangers faced the explorers at every bend and there are few places where one can see more than a few hundred yards down the river. Their little boats were constantly upset and their food and equipment damaged or ruined time after time. But Powell's early exploration and ones he later made over a long period of years have given the world a great

deal of its knowledge of the scenic beauty and geological value of the Canyon. Many expeditions have since worked through the gorge but Powell easily outranks all Grand Canyon explorers. The simply written account of his experiences is an epic story of American heroism.

Today, as is only to be expected, there are hotels, tenderfoot ranches, hot-dog stands, railroads, and highways scattered along the rim of the Canyon. But in spite of these, the gigantic spectacle of color and beauty never fails to create the same impression on those who are fortunate enough to come and to see. Color harmony, lights and shadows, distances, and fantastic shapes of temples and other edifices meet the eye wherever one may look. Lights, colors, and shadows are always changing as the sun swings overhead from east to west. It is a spectacle in such immense proportions and enveloping such beauty that the remarks of visitors in attempts to express what they see and feel seem entirely pointless and futile. And nothing seems more cheap than remarks such as — "Hum, that Scotchman certainly did want the quarter he lost." But most people simply look, with only their facial expression bespeaking their feelings.

One of the first questions asked is, "How was the Canyon carved?" But the answer is as simple as it is obvious when once the explanation is given: erosion by wind and water. The colors, too, are easily explained. They are caused by a layer of red sandstone and clay up near the surface that has been washed down over the walls and uncovered layers of strata, blending with the colors of those layers, and creating with the help of the constantly changing direction of light, the magnificent colors one sees. The process of erosion is constant, and the greatest agent is the Colorado River. Through the Canyon it averages about 300 feet wide, 30 feet deep, and, with a mean velocity of about two miles an hour, has a volume of 20,000 cubic feet of water per second, at times of ordinary flow. The fall of the river is about 12 feet per mile. There are miles of rapids so rough and so noisy that one can hear their roar from the upper rim of the Canyon, three miles away. It has been estimated that the river un-

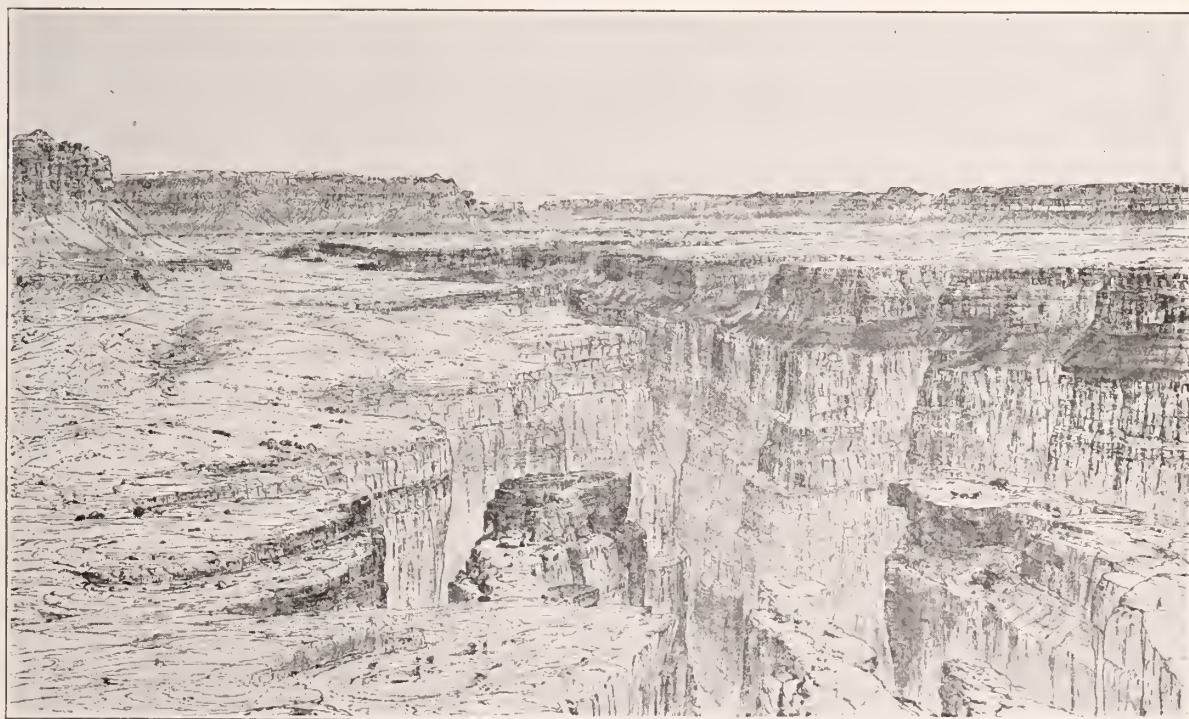
der ordinary conditions carries about two per cent sediment, which in times of floods jumps to unbelievable proportions. The branches of the river feed from every little side Canyon and orroyo, and these carry on the real work of tearing down the walls. Of course, wind and temperature play no little part in the work, for the wind howls at times, carrying sand like a sand-blast, and it often drops to freezing temperatures during a night, then jumps to 80 or 90 degrees F in the day. How long these forces have been acting is a difficult question for a geologist. But the river runs about 2000 feet above sea level through the Canyon, and the great plateau through which it cuts is constantly raising, so the work of erosion by wind and water can go on for a million years at least.

What a geologist's paradise! The history uncovered on the walls describes a large part of the geologic time, and many of the stony features indicate the land and water conditions that prevailed during various periods. The granite and gneiss exposed in the lower part of the gorge is part of the original earth crust, dating back to a time when the cooling-off process was far from complete, is the oldest system of rocks known to geology. The great series of layers that successively cover one another and are visible for more than a mile, from the bottom to the top of the Canyon, tell the story of the present surface we have on the earth. Casts of fossil shells abound in some layers, some probably mean-

ing that water covered the land at times. Just what it all does mean, however, is difficult to determine. There was a geologist in the party with whom I traveled over some of the Canyon, but he had very little to say about it all.

From a large hotel on the south side, there is a mule and pack trail that goes down to the river and then wanders, apparently without direction, until after a day of riding one finds himself at a ranch. During my visit to the Canyon I went down about half-way on a mule, then walked on to the ranch. But it was far better than being unable to sit or act comfortably for several days. Several of the party were extremely unfortunate. A lady, who went against her husband's advice was kicked by one of the mules and suffered severe internal injuries, and a young fellow broke his wrist when he slipped and took a bad fall going over the rocks. The trail, in spite of tourist guide books, is dangerous. But it is beautiful beyond anything the guide books can describe. Beautiful streams are crossed and recrossed as one follows the side canyons. Waterfalls and cascades abound. And at some unknown point along the trail the legendary "Sipapu" of the Hopi Indians is supposed to exist — a mysterious fissure through which the earth first came, and through which the Hopis believe the original inhabitants of the earth appeared, and into which they believe the souls of all men must pass on their way

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Great Lehigh Games

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riner goes across the goal for another touchdown which is disallowed as the Lehigh captain ran out of bounds.

Now a tall man comes out of the Wesleyan stands. He wears a rubber coat and boots. It is raining. He is leading the cheering. His folded umbrella is his baton, and how the boys are cheering now. One wild cheer after another, the Wesleyan team is going places now.

"Who is that cheerleader?" we ask a Wesleyan rooter.

"It's Woodrow Wilson, the history professor," the fan tells us. "He has been helping to coach the team."

Years later he will be president of the United States, but today he is only a young professor inspiring his students to win a football game.

Hall kicks a field goal for the home team. It is getting dark. Dashiell misses a bad pass from Walker, the quarterback. Parshley, a halfback, breaks through and goes for a touchdown for Wesleyan. Hall is trying for a goal; he makes it and ties the score, 11-11.

Now the captains are out on the field talking. They shake hands and motion their teams to the sidelines. With seventeen minutes to go, the game has been called on account of darkness.

The World's Greatest Athlete

Five thousand people are crowded into the wooden stands of the Lehigh field today. There is even a band of 100 pieces, not a college band, but the Bethlehem Steel Band, one of the greatest in the country. In a decade this band will be broken up, and Lehigh student bandsmen will march across this very field carrying some of those very horns. Why all this excitement? Jim Thorpe is playing here today. Only yesterday, the Lehigh Brown and White ran a cut of the redskin on the front page under the caption, "The World's Greatest Athlete." This howling mob is here to see Lehigh stop Jim. Don't laugh. Lehigh is mighty good this year. The Brown and White has beaten Navy, 14-0; only the Princeton Tiger has tamed Keady's boys.

Now the game is on. "Go Lehigh," roars the crowd. Pat Pazzetti is at quarter. Lehigh men won't forget Pat; even 20 years later when his son is playing quarter for another Lehigh team, the old-imers will come back to compare him to old Pat. Now Pat sees a chance for a forward. It is going to Vela

on the end; but Thorpe snatches the ball out of the air. The crowd's on its feet. "He's off." Eighty-five yards for a touchdown and then he kicks the goal. Four minutes of playing, Lehigh isn't licked yet. It takes but five minutes more to send Big George Hoban, who in later years will coach Baltimore Poly, across the goalline; he also kicks the goal. But Lehigh is licked now. Thorpe gets two more touchdowns and a field goal; Arcasa and Powell each get a touchdown. The best Lehigh can do is another seven points by Hoban. "Who cares?" The crowd doesn't; it has seen Thorpe.

The Kicks That Almost Won

We're in the Yale bowl today. It is October 12, 1915, and back in South Bethlehem the home folks are celebrating the semi-centennial of the incorporation of the borough. Up here the New England alumni are out in force to see Captain Austy Tate, who in 1928 will take over the coaching job at Lehigh, lead his team to victory. This another Keady team — this means a tough, hard bunch of scrapers. Freddie Green and Sawtelle are on the ends, Chenoweth at quarter, Jim Keady, brother of the coach at half, Cahall at left half, and Maginnes at full. Before the backs is a heavy, powerful line.

The first quarter is over, 0-0. Lehigh has the ball. Cahall is back on the thirty-yard line. Everybody here knows what that means. Cahall is the greatest dropkicker of the year. Brickley, the great Harvard All-American and famous dropkicker, has visited Cahall at Bethlehem and given him some pointers. The ball goes over the bar, and Lehigh leads 3-0.

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Give the Ref a Break

by *Ralph E. Skedgell*

"WHO'S that bird down there wearing the white suit?" some indignant spectator demands. "He ought to have stripes on it. Robber. Take him out of there."

But the poor fellow with the white suit stays in until the last whistle is blown—in fact, he blows the last whistle himself. He's the referee, that time-honored martyr who has suffered more abuse than the United States senate.

What about his two running mates—the umpire and linesman? Do they get their share? Well, the time hasn't yet come when they are forced to sneak along dark alleys at night, but they do receive their quota of criticism. What a deplorable situation! Who'd want to be an official at a football game? As a matter of fact, plenty of people would. Five Lehigh alumni are at present engaged in the hectic occupation of keeping twenty-two minds concentrated on the game, keeping forty-four hands from illegally dismembering twenty-two bodies.

Throughout different parts of the East, these men have given their time and attention to making football clean and straight. They all know the game; each one is an ex-player.

S. J. Gass graduated in the class of '98, but before he received the "old sheepskin," he made a name for himself in Lehigh football. He was a varsity man three years. During his first two years he held down right end, and during his last year he was shifted to quarterback. That was the time when football was little more than a minor war in which the players battered each other with everything but the Chapel doors.

At present, Mr. Gass is Superintendent of Suburban Roads, Washington, D. C., but that fact doesn't keep him away from the thud of pigskin and the cheers of frenzied rooters. This year he has acted as head linesman in the Navy-Mercer game, the Georgetown-Roanoke game, the West Virginia-George Washington game, and on November 23 he will assume that role in the Georgetown-Maryland game. Besides officiating at these tilts, he has received appointments from the Southern conference.

Seventeen years later came G. W. Hoban, '15. While at Lehigh, he played two years of football.

In '13 he played right halfback, and in '14, he captained his team in the same position. When he graduated, he went with A. G. Spalding Company, Baltimore, Md. His undying interest in the game has not only connected him with a sporting goods company, but has also made him football coach at Baltimore Polytechnic Institute. So far this year, he has acted as linesman in such games as Navy-Mercer, Georgetown-Roanoke, Penn-Columbia, Navy-Notre Dame, and Temple-Michigan State. He will officiate at the Pitt-Nebraska, Columbia-Dartmouth and Georgetown-Western Maryland games.

G. R. Macdonald was graduated in '19. He played varsity football for three years and was captain and center his last year. At present, he is connected with the advertising department of Toppings & Lloyd, Inc., in New York City. He acted as umpire in the C. C. N. Y.-Brooklyn game, and linesman in the N.Y.U.-Bates, Villanova-Bucknell, and Fordham-Vanderbilt games.

Then there is A. B. Maginnes, who graduated in '21 and who is now working for Larkin, Rathbone & Perry, in New York City. At Lehigh he played guard. His recent football activities have been as linesman in such games as Rutgers-West Chester, Columbia-V. M. I., Penn State-Western Maryland, Princeton-Rutgers, Fordham-Lebanon Valley, Harvard-Brown, Dartmouth-W. & M., and Temple-Marquette.

Another alumnus connected with the sport is W. D. Maginnes. He now works with the DuPont Viscoloid company in New York City. He graduated in '18 and while at Lehigh played fullback and was captain during his last year. He has acted in the capacity of referee in some of the most important games in the East this year. He officiated in such games as Fordham-F. & M., N. Y. U.-Bates, Princeton-Williams, Brown-Dartmouth, Holy Cross-Colgate, Temple-Michigan State, Yale-Brown, and Navy-Columbia. He will referee the Columbia-Brown and Columbia-Dartmouth games this week and next week.

So it can be seen that some people like the job of officiating after all. Although none of these men mentioned have officiated for their alma mater, they have taken an active interest in the collegiate sport. Perhaps some day, Lehigh will have the privilege of having an all-Lehigh group of officials for one of its games, even though we get up a game among ourselves.



THROUGH THE EDITOR'S EYES

Is Lehigh ready to sacrifice her virginity before the altar of football professionalism? Not that Lehigh is a real virgin. In the halcyon days, when most of the backs and "rushers" were recruited from the Steel, we could hang our heads with the worst of them. But of recent years Lehigh's athletic policy has been well nigh irreproachable — from the ideal viewpoint, at least.

Every season at this time, when we count our victories and find them not so numerous as we had hoped, a number of disappointed students and indignant alumni cry for subsidization of athletics as the only move that will produce the publicity they seem so much to desire. The nature of the publicity, its effect, its value, they do not consider carefully. That a university, to be a success, must have a winning football team is to them a self-evident fact.

Now what is a university, and what part does football and other sports play in it? Most will agree that a school like Lehigh is an institution of learning, hackneyed though the expression is. As such an institution, its primary function is to impart education and culture. In so far as it contributes to that education, sport is indispensable. But when it passes a certain critical limit, sport ceases to be a sensible part of a balanced system. It becomes, instead, an exaggerated unit that disturbs the action of the entire mechanism.

A university, it is admitted, should advertise. The problem of getting students, especially during the lean years, is a particularly vital one. But is subsidized football a desirable medium? Will it draw the right type of student, if it draws students at all? It is the place of the college to go into the football business for the avowed purpose (the only reasonable purpose) of securing publicity?

What would be the reaction if our national government went into the field of athletic subsidization, paying the Olympic team say, in order to make itself better known? Ten million people would object, because not only would it spoil the entire spirit of competition, but it's bad advertising in the first place. What earthly connection is there between

purchased athletic proficiency and the products we have to sell! Does not the same reasoning apply to a school? The province of the federal government is to legislate, etc.; the athletic business is clearly beyond its realm. The province of a university is to educate; professional football is definitely none of its concern. The analogy seems logical. Why, then, will these students and alumni fail to see it?

The answer lies in a refusal to distinguish real values. What schools of our size with sensational football teams are noted for anything else? What kind of men do they attract? The kind that Lehigh would like to receive? A man who decides the place he will get his education on the strength of eleven hired thugs must lack clear discernment. Lehigh is well known on its own merits — the uncontested ability of its faculty and alumni — and by the very fact that it is a clean school in the midst of dirty professionalism. The man who really thinks will refuse to be represented by the calibre of individual playing on the teams of many of our publicity-seeking collegiate neighbors.

Instead of being swayed by muddy reasoning and the hysterical rah-rah spirit, those who consider Lehigh's real interests should decide from the facts just which policy—the present one or a shift toward the professional—is best for us. If the school is to get credit for winning games, those games should be won by legitimate students, by men who come here to get what Lehigh offers in the way of an education—not an occupation. If these men are deserving and in need of financial aid, let them be considered in the regular manner. There is a large fund available to the worthy.

A man who wants his Alma Mater to win all its football games is asking something intrinsically unreasonable. All we can require is that the most be produced from the amateur material available. And there is no complaint to be made against our present coaches or their system.

What if we do lose a few games! The players on the field are genuine Lehigh men!

A Twist of the Dial

by Manheimer

THERE is an average of 365.25 days each year. Each of these days is crammed with entertainment via radio. Just to convince yourself, take a look at the array of music and laughs available any of the 52.1785 weeks of the year.

That old man Jack Benny and his gang still hold forth over WJZ at 7:00 Sunday. Michael Bartlett is making a picture with Grace Moore, so Jack went and got himself a new vocalist, Kenny Baker. Jack's jokes always seem to be appreciated. That night at 7:30 finds two programs fighting for the attention of the radio audience. Over the CBS-WABC network comes Phil Baker, his two stooges Beetle and Bottle, the Seven G's, and Hal Kemp's band. "Colonel" Kemp (of the C. C. C. Kemps of Kentucky, as Phil puts it) has recently been made a real "Colonel" by Governor Ruby Laffoon of the Blue Grass State.

Ozzie Nelson and R. P. Ripley broadcast over WJZ at the same time. Since Ozzie's wife (Harriet Hilliard to you) is now making a picture called "Follow the Fleet" with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, Billie Trask takes her place at the vocals. Bob (Believe-it-or-Not) Ripley has some dramatized little-known-facts-about-history that you may like. Eddie Cantor is heard with his droll stories over WABC at 8:00. He really should have someone like Rubinoﬀ to pick on. For those who relish classical music Sunday is a banner day. The best music in America is provided by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra at 3:00 via WABC. At 9:00 the Ford Hour plus guest stars is heard through WABC, and at 10:00 the General Motors Hour comes to you over WEAﬀ.

At 8:00 Monday Guy Lombardo furnishes some Lombardish rhythms over WEAﬀ. And, if you happen to be awake, Ray Noble is available at 11:30 broadcasting through WJZ.

The night is filled with music when Tuesday rolls around. Leo Reisman leads his orchestra in some melodies of the smoother variety. Phil Duey sings. The time is 8:00; the station, WEAﬀ. Take your choice of Ben Bernie or Glen Gray at 9:00. Ben tries his luck at tickling you with his music and gags over WEAﬀ. Glen Gray supplies the music, Walter O'Keefe the laughs, and Dean Janis the vocals over

WABC. His fountain of originality seems never to run dry.

The program named "Rendezvous" finds itself with a new orchestra at 8:00 Wednesday. Clyde Lucas takes the place of Aldo Ricci. Clyde's band has fourteen artists who play 72 different instruments. They render the compositions of almost every country, including China. Accompanying him are Phil Duey, Jan Williams, The Men About Town, and others. Ray Noble's Orchestra plus Babs and her Brothers and Connie Boswell broadcast at 9:30 over WABC. A fine combination for good music.

Even though Rudy Vallee has been broadcasting every Thursday night at 8:00 for the last few years, his program is still worthy of attention. This NBC-WEAﬀ broadcast furnishes the outstanding in music, drama, and comedy. Did you know that Rudy first became famous as an orchestra leader in Eng-

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"Oh, a masquerade — I thought it was a formal party."

SCORES OF ALL

1884

0	Lafayette	50
0	Rutgers	61
4	Lafayette	34
12	Haverford	36

1885

0	Pennsylvania	54
8	Haverford	24
0	Lafayette	0
4	Stevens	20
10	Rutgers	5
0	Pennsylvania	35
6	Lafayette	6

1886

4	Pennsylvania	26
26	Dickinson	0
0	Stevens	0
0	Lafayette	12
14	Stevens	0
28	Pennsylvania	0
18	Haverford	4
0	Lafayette	0

1887

24	Swarthmore	0
0	Princeton	80
20	Dickinson	0
10	Lafayette	4
4	Pennsylvania	6
0	Lafayette	6
38	Cornell	10

1888

0	Princeton	75
12	Swarthmore	8
30	Rutgers	0
16	Haverford	6
50	Swarthmore	0
74	Bucknell	0
0	Pennsylvania	36
32	Penn State	0
10	Stevens	0
6	Lafayette	4
16	Lafayette	0
4	Cornell	0

1889

0	Princeton	16
4	Princeton	16
60	Haverford	0
4	Pennsylvania	6
17	Lafayette	10
51	Columbia	6
106	Penn State	0

6	Lafayette	6
8	Pennsylvania	0
11	Wesleyan	11
26	Navy	6
40	Johns Hopkins	0
26	Virginia	12

1890

50	Swarthmore	0
0	Yale	26
0	Pennsylvania	8
0	Princeton	50
30	Lafayette	0
4	Rutgers	2
60	College A. C.	6
66	Lafayette	6
14	Pennsylvania	17
24	Navy	4

1891

62	Bucknell	4
24	Penn State	2
0	Princeton	18
22	F. & M.	0
0	Princeton	30
22	Rutgers	0
0	Pennsylvania	42
0	Yale	38
22	Lafayette	4
0	Cornell	24



6	Lafayette	2
0	Pennsylvania	32
16	Lafayette	2

1892

51	Swarthmore	0
0	Princeton	16
4	Orange A. C.	8
0	Princeton	50
0	Cornell	76
0	Lafayette	4
0	Pennsylvania	4
15	Lafayette	6
21	Pittsburgh A.C.	0

1893

52	Dickinson	0
0	Princeton	12
18	Army	0
6	Pennsylvania	32
6	Princeton	28
12	Navy	6
22	Lafayette	6
14	Cornell	0
10	Lafayette	0
34	No. Carolina	0

1894

24	Rutgers	0
0	Princeton	8
33	Swarthmore	0
0	Yale	34
0	Pennsylvania	30
22	Carlisle	12
0	Princeton	32
0	Orange A. C.	14
24	No. Carolina	6
0	Navy	10
0	Yale	50
0	Lafayette	28
11	Lafayette	8
6	Cornell	4

1895

25	Rutgers	0
0	Pennsylvania	54
0	Princeton	16
0	Orange A. C.	2
12	Lafayette	21
6	Navy	4
6	Lafayette	14
10	Baltimore A.C.	0

THE GAMES

1896

0	Princeton	16
44	Rutgers	0
0	Pennsylvania	34
0	Brown	16
0	Michigan	40
10	Navy	24
26	Maryland A.C.	0

1897

0	Princeton	43
0	Pennsylvania	58
5	Williams	0
5	Dickinson	0
20	Bucknell	28
0	Lafayette	34
6	Army	48
42	N. Y. U.	0
6	Navy	28
0	Lafayette	22

1898

12	Rutgers	0
0	Princeton	21
0	N. Y. U.	10
0	Pennsylvania	40
0	Army	18
0	Bucknell	0
22	Lafayette	0
5	Navy	6
5	Maryland A.C.	0
5	Lafayette	11

1899

0	Pennsylvania	20
10	Rutgers	0
0	Bucknell	5
0	Cornell	6
0	Princeton	17
50	N. Y. U.	0
0	Lafayette	17
0	Newark A. C.	10
0	Navy	24
0	Lafayette	35
0	Virginia	10

1900

6	Pennsylvania	27
5	Princeton	12
12	Bucknell	6
21	Rutgers	0
0	Navy	15

0	Lafayette	35
11	Haverford	10
0	Homestead	50
0	Lafayette	18
18	Swarthmore	0

1901

0	Pennsylvania	28
0	Buffalo	16
0	Princeton	35
5	Swarthmore	6
0	Navy	18
0	Bucknell	12
0	Lafayette	29
0	Cornell	30
21	Haverford	5
0	Penn State	38
0	Lafayette	41
0	Georgetown	22

1902

0	Pennsylvania	12
0	Princeton	23
34	Rutgers	0
5	Navy	5
46	N. Y. U.	0
41	Union	0
39	Haverford	0
34	Virginia	6
0	Dickinson	11
6	Lafayette	0
41	Swarthmore	0



1903

83	Albright	0
40	Manhattan	0
0	Pennsylvania	16
10	Swarthmore	5
0	Princeton	12
71	Villanova	0
41	Ursinus	0
17	Dickinson	0
0	Cornell	0
45	Susquehanna	0
12	Lafayette	6
12	Georgetown	6

1904

37	Albright	0
0	Swarthmore	20
0	Pennsylvania	24
0	Haverford	6
0	Princeton	60
0	Dickinson	6
5	Cornell	50
4	Syracuse	32
6	Lafayette	40

1905

29	Albright	0
0	Pennsylvania	35
23	Medico Chi.	0
11	N. Y. U.	2
5	Princeton	29
6	Haverford	5
23	F. & M.	6
0	Syracuse	17
56	Gallaudet	0
0	Dickinson	18
0	Ursinus	12
0	Lafayette	53
0	W. & J.	24

1906

21	Albright	0
6	Pennsylvania	32
6	George Wash.	0
0	Princeton	52
0	Haverford	5
0	Navy	11
33	F. & M.	0
0	Dickinson	0
27	N. Y. U.	11
15	Ursinus	5
0	Lafayette	33

1907

29	Muhlenberg	0
34	Jefferson Med.	0
28	Pennsylvania	6
16	Rutgers	6
22	Medico Chi.	0
27	Ursinus	0
6	Dickinson	6
4	Haverford	11
5	Lafayette	22
21	Carnegie Tech.	0

1908

5	Stevens	0
12	Rutgers	0
0	Navy	16
6	W. and J.	18
9	Haverford	0
2	Ursinus	11
11	Lafayette	5

1909

24	Lebanon Val.	0
0	F. and M.	10
6	Ursinus	6
11	Virginia	7
0	Army	18
18	Carnegie Tech.	11
18	Haverford	0
6	N. Y. U.	6
0	Lafayette	21

1910

10	W. Maryland	0
0	Stevens	0
0	Haverford	5
0	Army	28
8	Swarthmore	15
0	Navy	30
25	Carnegie T.	0
0	Lafayette	14
3	Georgetown	6

1911

44	Lebanon V.	0
11	W. Maryland	5
0	Bucknell	3
6	Princeton	6
5	Ursinus	0
0	Army	20
12	Haverford	0
2	Swarthmore	9

More Scores

8	F. & M.	0
0	Lafayette	11
3	Georgetown	28

1912

33	Albright	0
45	Delaware	0
0	Princeton	35
14	Navy	0
55	Haverford	0
12	Ursinus	0
14	Carlisle	34
3	Swarthmore	0
7	Muhlenberg	3
10	Lafayette	0
29	F. & M.	0

1913

64	Albright	0
7	Carlisle	21
0	Yale	37
7	Muhlenberg	0
0	Navy	39
50	Swarthmore	0
17	Haverford	3
7	Lafayette	0

1914

12	F. & M.	0
21	Carlisle	6
3	Yale	20
24	Carnegie T.	20
27	Muhlenberg	0
33	Johns Hopkins	0
20	Penn State	7
10	Villanova	0
17	Lafayette	7

1915

20	Ursinus	0
14	Carlisle	0
6	Yale	7
27	Albright	0
20	Muhlenberg	0
29	Gettysburg	0
0	Penn State	7
30	Lebanon V.	9
6	Lafayette	35
3	W. & J.	27

1916

21	Ursinus	0
61	Albright	6
0	Yale	12
27	Catholic U.	7
3	Lebanon V.	3
9	Muhlenberg	0
7	Penn State	10
27	F. & M.	7
17	Lafayette	0

1917

7	U. S. 7th Inf.	0
13	Ursinus	7
0	Pittsburgh	41
6	Georgetown	17
34	Lebanon V.	7
47	Muhlenberg	0
9	Penn State	0
34	P. M. C.	7
78	Lafayette	0

1918

6	League Island	
	Navy Yard	0
6	Marines	12
0	Rutgers	39
54	Muhlenberg	0
6	Penn State	7
17	Lafayette	0

1919

47	Villanova	0
13	Ursinus	0
19	Rutgers	0
51	N. Y. State	0
16	Carnegie T.	0
0	Pittsburgh	14
7	Penn State	20
33	Muhlenberg	7
6	Lafayette	10

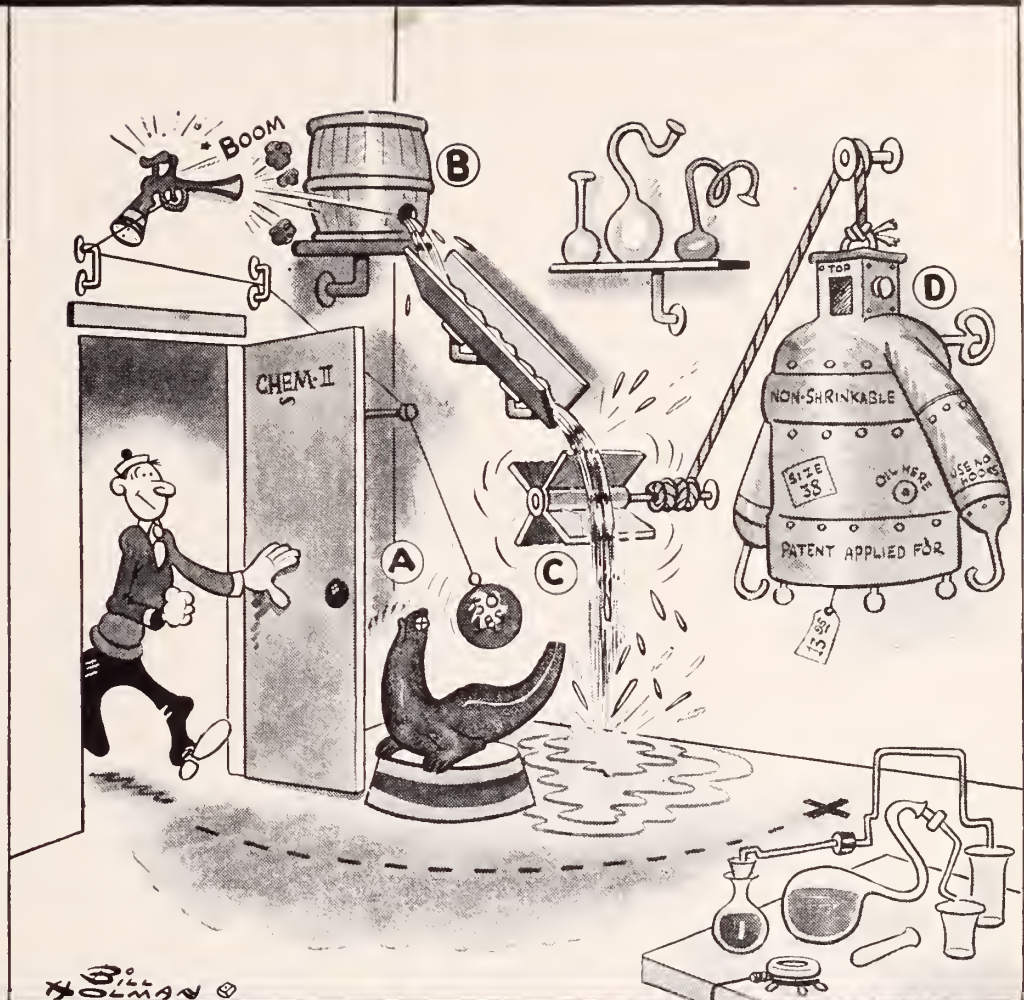
1920

28	Lebanon V.	0
7	W. Virginia	7
9	Rutgers	0
41	Rochester	0
0	W. & J.	7
17	Carnegie T.	6
56	Muhlenberg	0
7	Penn State	7
7	Lafayette	27

continued on page 24

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1921

22	Susquehanna	0
7	Rutgers	0
7	Penn State	28
7	W. & J.	14
21	W. Virginia	14
13	Muhlenberg	14
55	Lebanon V.	7
6	Lafayette	28

1922

0	Gettysburg	0
37	St. Francis	0
7	Rutgers	13
2	Brown	6
26	Muhlenberg	7
6	Colgate	35
0	Bucknell	14
6	Lebanon V.	2
0	Lafayette	3

1923

29	Gettysburg	6
0	Rutgers	10
7	Fordham	0
13	Muhlenberg	3
13	Carnegie T.	6
7	Bucknell	7
21	Alfred	0
3	Lafayette	13
12	Brown	6

1924

12	Gettysburg	0
0	Princeton	0
15	Dickinson	6
5	Muhlenberg	0
13	Rutgers	13
3	Holy Cross	3
14	Villanova	7
0	Lafayette	7

1925

7	Gettysburg	7
38	Drexel	0
3	W. Vir. Wes.	0
7	Rutgers	0
7	Muhlenberg	9
0	Georgetown	40
0	Villanova	6
0	Lafayette	14
0	Carnegie T.	36

1926

0	St. John's	7
---	------------	---

Still More Scores

6	Gettysburg	15
0	Brown	32
0	Marines	14
6	Princeton	7
6	Muhlenberg	31
0	Bucknell	27
14	Rutgers	0
0	Lafayette	35

1927

0	St. John's	0
6	Ursinus	0
0	Princeton	42
10	Swarthmore	12
0	Villanova	54
3	Muhlenberg	13
6	Bucknell	20
6	Rutgers	12
0	Lafayette	43

1928

13	St. John's	0
14	P. M. C.	7
0	Gettysburg	7
0	Princeton	47
13	Muhlenberg	7
0	Harvard	39
0	Bucknell	40
3	Rutgers	7
14	Lafayette	37

1929

26	Johns Hopkins	0
20	P. M. C.	20
7	Gettysburg	7
57	St. Johns	20
7	Pennsylvania	10
28	Muhlenberg	7
0	Princeton	20
0	Rutgers	14
13	Lafayette	12

1930

12	Ursinus	0
25	P. M. C.	0
19	Johns Hopkins	12
0	Gettysburg	14
0	Pennsylvania	40
0	Muhlenberg	24
13	Princeton	9
13	Rutgers	14

6	Lafayette	16
---	-----------	----

1931

7	Ursinus	12
13	P. M. C.	0
12	Johns Hopkins	20
0	Pennsylvania	32
0	Brown	33
33	Muhlenberg	0
19	Princeton	7
12	Rutgers	26
7	Lafayette	13
0	Penn State	31

1932

13	Drexel	13
6	Columbia	41
7	P. M. C.	0
6	Johns Hopkins	12
6	Pennsylvania	33
25	Muhlenberg	6
0	Princeton	53
6	Rutgers	37
6	Lafayette	25

1933

19	Drexel	0
0	Columbia	39
14	Johns Hopkins	7
0	Penn State	33
0	Rutgers	27
0	Harvard	27
0	Muhlenberg	10
12	Lafayette	54

1934

25	Haverford	7
7	Johns Hopkins	6
0	Penn State	31
0	Rutgers	45
0	Gettysburg	14
0	Princeton	54
13	Muhlenberg	0
13	Lafayette	7

1935

16	Upsala	7
21	Haverford	0
26	Dickinson	0
0	Penn State	26
6	Rutgers	27
14	Gettysburg	21
26	Muhlenberg	6
0	Princeton	27
	Lafayette	

Summary of Scores

(Including 1935 Season with Exception of the Lafayette Game)

	Won	Lost	Tied		Won	Lost	Tied
Albright	8			Muhlenberg	20	5	
Alfred	1			Navy	4	10	1
Army	1	5		N. Y. State	1		
Baltimore A. C.	1			N. Y. U.	5	1	1
Brown	1	4		Newark A. C.		1	
Bucknell	3	8	2	North Carolina	2		
Buffalo		1		Orange A. C.		3	
Carlisle	3	2		Penn State	5	9	1
Carnegie Tech.	7	1		Pennsylvania	3	29	
Catholic U.	1			P. M. C.	5		1
Col. A. C.	1			Pittsburgh		2	
Colgate		1		Pittsburgh A. C.	1		
Columbia	1	2		Princeton	2	33	2
Cornell	4	5	1	Rochester	1		
Delaware	1			Rutgers	18	13	1
Dickinson	7	3	2	St. Francis	1		
Drexel	2		1	St. John's	2	1	1
Fordham	1			Stevens	3	1	1
F. & M.	7	1		Susquehanna	2		
Gallaudet	1			Swarthmore	11	5	
George Washington	1			Syracuse		2	
Georgetown	1	5		Union	1		
Gettysburg	3	5	3	U. S. 7th Infantry	1		
Harvard		3		Ursinus	12	3	1
Haverford	13	6		Upsala	1		
Holy Cross			1	Villanova	3	2	
Homestead		1		Virginia	3	1	
Jefferson Med.	1			W. & J.		5	
Johns Hopkins	5	2		Wesleyan			1
Lafayette	25	39	4	West Virginia	1		1
League Island Navy Yard ..	1			W. Vir. Wesleyan	1		
Lebanon Valley	7		1	Western Maryland	2		
Manhattan	1			Williams	1		
Marines		2		Yale		8	
Maryland A. C.	2						
Medico Chi.	2						
Michigan		1		Total	225	231	27

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The Triumph of Thaddeus White

continued from page 9

their island of salvation looked to Harper like a gaily decorated ice cream sundae. Although definitely hemispherical, there were spots where enormous bites had been taken and brilliant patches of color where the syrups and fruits had run together in patternless blobs. Nosaint Island (so Harper christened it, perhaps to forestall any missionaries who might come later) was so profusely ornamented after a horticultural fashion that in places the overcrowding of flora did not permit rough description, much less the actual cataloguing of specimens found there. In a short exploratory jaunt, the young man soon discovered that the bit of land was not more than a mile in diameter and that the shore was extremely regular, forming an almost perfect circle. Above the shore, the earth was incredibly unwrinkled, as if smoothed by a giant hand, and even at the extreme height, perhaps a hundred feet above the vast plain of the ocean, there was no peak, but only the flatness that oranges and worlds have. From an economic viewpoint — and it was extremely vital that it be considered this way — Nosaint Island was hardly a thrilling discovery. Of cocoanuts and a strange date-like fruit that Harper liked immensely there was no dearth; but that was all, except plenty of indispensable water, that the island offered, and for that reason the pair were forced to restrict their diet extensively.

"No observable change had come to the malignancy of White. He still hated his rescuer with a vitriolic bitterness, a bitterness that seemed intensified by his recent salvation. His distorted intelligence pictured the younger man's heroism as deliberate, malicious revenge for his humiliation during the voyage. Since he could see no means for their rescue from the island, and consequently no hope of reward for Harper, he was convinced that he was purporting secret and awful tortures for a virtual cripple who was helpless to defend himself. His mind worked like a constantly accelerating machine; he drove himself into a half-mad state of self-pity and fear, an awful fear more intense than his previous hatred. He sank deeper into mental agony and trembled with the approach of Harper, who always brought him the regular and disgusting ration of cocoanuts and fruit. He translated every sentence and solicitous question into a fiendish meaning, and when Harper, puzzled, left him for the top of the central hill, he shot violent execrations after him, turning red and purple in his rage.

"Then suddenly his manner changed, as if his character had undergone complete metamorphosis. He humbled himself in a literal fashion possible to a dwarf only. He apologized endlessly for his ill-manners, which first pleased Harper and then annoyed him extremely. Vainly he attempted to secure his own food and thanked the other lavishly when a supply was offered him. He sought artfully to engage Harper in conversation, querying about the vegetation on the island, their possible chance of rescue, and his history before their ill-fated expedition. All his questions Harper answered as well as possible, arguing against secret aversion he felt for White by repeating that he was unusual only in his deformities, and that to make him forget them was the finest thing he could do.

"Hardly a week later, before the usual lunch hour, White came running up the smooth hill to Harper's base at the level top, where he slept and amused himself at times by carving huge logs into fierce figures. He was at the moment killing the



last sparks of what had been a wild, smoky fire. 'Harper,' White cried in a hoarse voice, 'we don't have to eat these damn nuts and dates from now on! I've found food, real food and lots of it — in tins, in crates, in barrels. God knows who left it here, but it's here in a big cave near the north shore. Come with me, you can't believe our luck till you've seen it yourself.'

"Impressed by his excitement, Harper followed him to the shore at a pace unbelievably fast for the leader's stature. There White pointed to one of the few irregularities in the island's contours — a violent reshaping of the earth's globe-like smoothness had taken place, and a mammoth step had been formed, one built only for seven league boots. The earth was flat at its base and thick with shrubs. Then came a vertical wall of stone, twelve feet high and as smooth as finished granite, away from which ran another table-flat area of level grass. Thaddeus White began to twitch with excitement as he ran to the base of the stone wall. 'Look here,' he said,

continued on page 36

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Lehigh's Athletic Fields

In the days when track and field events were the only sports at Lehigh, the athletes were forced to walk or take a buggy ride to the polo grounds at Rittersville, a distance of three and a half miles.

The grounds covered the area occupied by the present day Central Park, at the Allentown and Bethlehem boundary line.

When football was introduced at Lehigh in 1883 the field used extended from what is now Fourth street to Lauffer street and east and west between Pierce and Atlantic streets. The area was known as the Lehigh Athletic grounds.

It was on Dec. 8, 1883 that the first football game was played on this field. The University of Pennsylvania sophomores traveled from Philadelphia to play the Class of '86 team.

The Penn team eyed the field. Its rocks, tin cans, broken bottles and muddy quicksands convinced them that only formidable foemen could practice on such a field, Fairfax Downey tells us in his biography of Richard Harding Davis, '86.

Each half lasted 45 minutes with a ten minute rest period between the halves. During the progress of

the game one of the players called Jake Robeson, captain of the Lehigh team, and said to him, "Don't give me the ball Jake, I'm stuck in the mud and can't get out." Although Penn wasn't satisfied with the field, they won the game, 16-10.

The field was used until 1890, when the present site was utilized. It was not the stadium that is now familiar to us of this present era. It was merely a grassy plot enclosed by a wooden fence. It had bleachers on the southern side of the playing field and gradually they were increased. Stands were later built on the north side of the field.

The players did not have the facilities offered by the modern field house but they were forced to dress in the Old Gym, the building that is now Coppee hall, and run down a path leading to the field on Taylor street.

The field was used for baseball, track, football and lacrosse without any changes in its seating facilities or dressing quarters until 1914.

In that year Charles Taylor donated a sum of money for the erection of a stadium, field house and gymnasium. This project was completed in 1915 and we have the athletic plant, on Taylor street, as we see it today.

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The Iron Man of '05

continued from page 7

Andy. It was Landefelt. Andy got even but Billy didn't say how.

Landefelt found a novel way of repaying Farabaugh for another prank he had played. (Ask Billy what it was.) Andy was taking a shower and had left his clothes in the locker room. Landefelt placed a huge bumble bee in Andy's trousers, and that's where Andy was stung.

Farabaugh is one man who has put something over on Billy Burkhardt. Billy, himself, laughed as he told of the incident. Away on another football trip, the team was staying at a hotel in Pittsburgh. This time Andy used the firehose to advantage. Climbing up to the door transom, he laughed heartily as he gave Billy a good soaking.

Football wasn't the only game. Basketball was first organized at Lehigh in 1901. Andy, as a freshman, was instrumental in this undertaking. The team that year, composed entirely of freshmen, made an enviable record. Until graduation, Andy played regularly at guard.

Lafayette and Lehigh were in fighting trim for the basketball game in '04. With Farabaugh as the leader, the team purchased cap pistols in prepar-

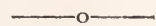
tion for some fun with the opposition. Mistaking the cap pistols for the real weapon, the Lafayette five refused to play the game.

Yes, sir, Andy Farabaugh was one tough boy. Billy can remember only once when Andy was injured in action.

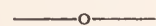
"You see," Billy concluded, "Andy was a half-back, and one game the coach made him play in the line. He got hurt in the first quarter — a chipped bone. But that was only because somebody kicked him when he was down!"



Lehigh's team, in 1912, was rated sixth best in the country by the New York papers.



Numbers did not appear on player's jerseys until 1915.



The first intercollegiate football game was played at New Brunswick, N. J., Nov. 13, 1869. Rutgers defeated Princeton, 6 goals to 4.

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The Grand Canyon

continued from page 15

back to the underworld.

The Colorado river alone makes the long ride worth while. Its great yellow-brown torrent rushes along, carrying huge boulders and mud and debris, roaring through rapids, and quieting into long stretches of water from time to time. It is one of the most awe-inspiring rivers I have seen, entirely in keeping with that which it has created, the Canyon. The trail crosses it, by means of a swinging bridge, then wanders down its side till it finally reaches the ranch. It is a beautiful trip, and to me, worth every blister and ache.

One cannot begin to describe the Grand Canyon. I have not attempted it. Mary Roberts Reinhart has said, "The best way to describe the Grand Canyon to a person is to buy him a ticket."

A Twist of the Dial

continued from page 19

land. That was in 1926 when he played at the Savoy Hotel in London. At 9:00 you can again hear the Glen Gray - Walter O'Keefe program through WABC.

Friday night is dedicated to the collegiate world. At 8:00 over WJZ there is the College Prom with Red Nichol's Orchestra, and Les Quailey to tell you what is going on in the sports world. Richard Himber renders some music for us at 10:00 through WABC. Again at 10:30 the Campus Review supplies music and sports talk. Art Kassel's Orchestra and the Mills Brothers do their bit, and Hal Totten picks the teams who are going to win. WEAf.

The best show Saturday night is Lennie Hayton's Hit Parade. Every week Lennie plays the current hit tunes. Lately he picked the following as the fifteen hits of all time: "Tea for Two," "Star Dust," "Japanese Sandman," "I'll See You in My Dreams," "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Poor Butterfly," "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," "Missouri Waltz," "The Man I Love," "Continental," "St. Louis Blues," "What Is This Thing Called Love," "I Surrender Dear," "East of the Sun," "Cheek to Cheek." Agree?

Lehigh's Coaches

LEHIGH has had 18 football coaches in the past 43 years. In the beginning, the coaches, as a rule, only stayed one year. According to Walter R. Okeson, commissioner of Eastern Intercollegiate Association, the captain and manager of the teams usually selected their own coach. As a result, there was a new coach practically every year.

Coaches in those days, stated Mr. Okeson, did not make it a practice to remain at one institution for any long period. He stated that if a man needed some money to go to school, he would get a position as coach of a team.

Walter R. Okeson was the first Lehigh man to coach a Brown and White team. Before his time, all of the coaches were from Yale. "Austy" Tate was the only other Lehigh man to coach here.

Up to the present time, Keady has remained at Lehigh the longest. He coached from 1912 to 1920. Dickinson and Tate are next in the rank each man having been coach for five years.

The coaches and the number of years that they spent at Lehigh are as follows:

1892.....	Hartwell (Yale)
1893.....	Graves (Yale)
1894.....	Heffelfinger (Yale)
1895.....	Bliss (Yale)
1896.....	Morris (Yale)
1897.....	Dr. Hammond (Yale)
1898-99.....	Thompson (Yale)
1900.....	Okeson (Lehigh)
1901.....	Dr. Pollard (Dartmouth)
1902-04.....	Newton (Penn)
1905-10.....	"By" Dickson (Penn)
1911.....	Reiter (Princeton)
1912-20.....	Keady (Dartmouth)
1921.....	Glick (Princeton)
1922-24.....	Baldwin (Dartmouth)
1925-27.....	Wendell (Harvard)
1928-33.....	Tate (Lehigh)
1934-35.....	Harmeson (Purdue)

Dr. H. S. Drinker, president-emeritus of Lehigh, is largely responsible for the Taylor gym and stadium. It was due to Doctor Drinker's efforts that Mr. Charles L. Taylor made the necessary endowment.

The original number of players on a football team was 15.

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J. S. Robeson, '86, was the father of football at Lehigh. He captained the first team, which was a sophomore squad. The sophomore team of the University of Pennsylvania was the first team to play the Brown and White at Lehigh. Pennsylvania won 16-10.

Richard Harding Davis, American journalist and novelist, played in the first game and scored Lehigh's first point. This first game, according to the novelist, was played in six inches of mud.

Lord Byron vs. R. H. D.

"I AM Richard Harding Davis," the Browsing room copy of R. H. D.'s biography pridefully intoned its opening sentence to itself.

The mellow light of late afternoon was filtering through the room's leaded casements and, truth to tell, the eyelids of its half-a-dozen browsers were likewise leaded.

So it was no living ear heard R. H. D.'s superbly assured boast. But George Gordon, Lord Byron, whose egocentricity equalled, if it could not surpass, that of Lehigh's most famous man of letters, had his portrait hanging just above the Browsing room's biography section, and the Byron heard it.

"Davis?" he muttered, "Davis?? Who the devil's Davis?" He peered downward but his heavy gilt frame extended so far out that he couldn't see the books beneath him "Pooh!" said Lord Byron, "the fellow's beneath my notice!"

"Beneath your notice?" an angry rustling of leaves told that the Davis biography was pluming itself indignantly. "Ha! That's supposed to be an ironic Byronic, isn't it? Well, you open-collared,

cravatless baboon, it sounds embryonic to me!

"You can see across the room, can't you?" continued the aroused R. H. D. "Well, right over there, second shelf from the top, you'll see some of my better books: 'The Bar Sinister' . . ."

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" Byron broke in. "Thou ignoramus, thou! Don't you know that 'bar sinister' is a cheap vulgarity? The educated person says 'the bend sinister.' If the title's all wet, what must the book be like?"

"Fool! You can't judge a book by its cover."

"You don't have to suck the whole lemon to find out if it's sour, do you? Besides, what can one expect from a journalist whose vocabulary never exceeds 900 words?"

"Yeah," snapped R. H. D., "me and the Bible, we get along on 900 words!"

"Izzatso? Well me and Shakespeare, we require 3500! D'ya know what T. B. Macaulay says about your World War reporting? Here it is: 'The best material ever written by any man on the wrong side of a question of which the writer was profoundly ignorant!'"

"So? And do you know how Gallagher, the copy boy, hit off your 'Collected Works'? No? Well it was just this: 'This work weighs four pounds!'"

A slanting ray from the sunset touched Byron's face. His cheeks had flushed with rage. The gilt frame quivered. He seemed about to leap bodily forth from the canvas.

Then—"Five o'clock," called Charlie Schray, the janitor, from the doorway. "Closing time!" The browsers came to with a start and rose stretching. Byron and R. H. D. subsided.

"Now how," puzzled Charlie the next morning, "did that book get on the floor? And how did that picture get to hanging crooked? I'm sure they were both o. k. when I locked up last night!"

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The Strenuous Life

"THERE is no denying the charge of its opponents, that football is mighty rough."

At any rate, there was no denying it in 1912. And the "Burr," championing the cause of the grid game, felt that the popular criticism — "It's too rough!" — needed an answer. So "Burr" editors, in a special football issue of their periodical, dated November, 1912, went on to present the case of the Strenuous Life:

"... In this age of limousines and peace societies, we tend to become over-refined, soft, and sentimental. War formerly brought the fighting edge to our ancestors. As an equivalent for war, foot-ball has its use in keeping alive, alike for those who play and for those who merely look on, contempt for flabbiness and the yellow streak, the ancient fighting spirit that has made the race what it is."

As a great builder-upper of loyalty, too, football is the goods. "... After they have cheered through one football game, freshmen have probably got more feeling for Lehigh than a term without football would bring. And alumni, whether they come back for games or only read about them in the sporting page next morning, have their interest revived as by no other means." P.E.P.W.



There were 700 spectators at the first Lehigh-Lafayette game.

Lehigh defeated Lafayette, 22-0 in 1898. The Brown and White made 30 first downs to Lafayette's 0, and gained 408 yards against the Leopard's 50. Lehigh's longest run in that game was 95 yards, and Lafayette's was 10 yards.

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Victory Number One

continued from page 12

ing the team from a shutout. Lafayette won 34-4.

Haverford defeated the team in the last game of the season, 36-12. The students were greatly disappointed with the team's showing. They believed that only the strongest and roughest players could win. The team practiced but one hour a day, and the majority of the players were indifferent or lacked interest.

Our first victory over Lafayette wasn't gained until the seventh game of the series which was played October 29, 1887. The students obtained special rates from the railroad company, and about 700 people journeyed to Easton to witness the game. Lehigh was handicapped by the loss of Captain Bradford and Palmer, who were injured in the Dickinson game. However, the team scored two goals to one touchdown for Lafayette and returned home with a victory, 10-4.

In writing about the first football field at Lehigh, Richard Harding Davis says: "There was no grass on the athletic field, nothing but rocks, and tin cans, and a soft quicksand of mud." Often the game had to be halted while the players removed the largest rocks from the field.



THREE WAYS TO END A DINNER CONVERSATION

1. Ask the lady on your right if she's married. Should she say, "Yes," ask her if she has any children. If she says, "No," ask her how she does it.
2. Ask the lady on your left if she is married. If she says, "No," ask her if she has any children.
3. Ask the lady across from you if she has any children. If she says "Yes," ask her if she's married.

—Jester

All Lehigh Team

GEORGE TREVOR, syndicate writer, picked the following men with the years of their play as members of Lehigh's first and second all-time teams:

First Team

David 'Pete' Balliet, '91 center
Curtis Trafton, '95 guard
William Hoffman, '04 guard
Joseph Spagna, '19 tackle
William Bailey, '13 tackle
George Sawtell, '15 end
Paul Larkin, '21 end
Vincent Pazzetti, '12 quarter
George Hoban, '14 back
William Cahall, '15 back
A. Brumbaugh, '08 back

Second Team

James Keys, '95
Roger Waters, '04
Albert Maginnes, '20
Edgar Houston, '95
Arthur Cusick, '22
Walter Okeson, '95
Edmund Burke, '24
M. McClung, '09
Victor deWysocki, '19
A. Davidowitz, '29
William Greer, '23

Looking over this selection, it appears that the olden days were best for Lehigh. Only one man was picked from the last ten years of play while the '90s yielded six men.

H. A.

—o—
"Bosey" Reiter was coach of the Wesleyan team that is credited with completing the first forward pass in a game against Princeton in 1906. Mike Thompson was officiating, and Walter Camp was one of the spectators.

—o—
Lehigh and Princeton are both credited with the V-trick, or the original wedge.

—o—
When the forward pass was introduced in 1906, instead of having to gain five yards in three downs, the rule was changed to ten yards in four downs.

—o—
"Pat" Pazzetti, All-American quarterback and captain of Lehigh's 1912 team, received the kick-off in the Navy game and ran the length of the field for a touchdown.

—o—
In 1889, when Lehigh's team won the State championship, they scored 358 points against 89 for the opponents. In this same year Penn State was defeated 106-0. During this season also, the Brown and White played three games in three successive days, and won all three. The teams were Navy, Johns Hopkins, and the University of Virginia.

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When the chemist returned the liquor he attached a note thereto reading as follows: "Your horse is suffering from diabetes. Unless he is taken care of at once he will die within the week."

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Mrs. Brown—"Yeah, the little wart."

—Lord Jeff

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The Triumph of Thaddeus White

continued from page 27

as he pushed aside a stubborn bush with an oddly-angled leg, 'here's your stuff. Nature pulled a clever trick here. Everywhere in back of this granite slab is empty space; it's the biggest cave you ever saw—bigger'n the old Hippodrome, if you go back thirty feet. And look how she hid the only entrance.' His leg called attention to a narrow slit, less than two feet high, at the base of the stone. 'Here's how you get in. Just squirm through and what a sight you'll see. I'll wait here till you come out with some good whiskey and real salt pork.'

"From there it was ridiculously easy for Thaddeus. He ran without a sound around the side and to the top of the giant step. There, by long struggle, he had perched a fifty-pound stone that needed little persuasion to send it hurtling down the side. He knew where it would land, and there it did, just as Harper had squeezed his legs and abdomen into the crevice. For him it was the perfect crime; it was pointless even to touch the body. He lay back and allowed himself to revel in his triumph, for he had killed a man strong and tall with his twisted body. He prepared to accept death by starvation with a smile.

"That was the way they found him the next day—those on the cruiser that had been snooping around since the small craft became long overdue at Spain. Commander Mergdon led ten men on the island in response to the smoke signals he had seen the morning before Harper's murder. Harper had told them to look for two men, although White didn't know that, and the commander had to tell him why he was unwilling to accept the fiction that one man had drowned in the upset.

"After that, White was courteous in defeat and helped them as much as he could. He took them to the body and chewed the strange dates as he told them a few of the facts you've heard tonight. But he left gaps in the story that I had to fill as special prosecutor for the State of New York. These were found in Harper's diary, a smoke-blackened book left by the fire that had attracted Commander Mergdon. On the flyleaf of the testament which had survived the horrors of shipwreck and hopeless solitude was an inscription that best explains my interest in the case:

If, through wish of God, I do not live to greet my brother once more, see that this diary is placed in his hands.

Signed,

Harper Brandythe.

Why, Naturally . . .

Who is this young and simple man
With harried look upon his pan,
If I can guess, I guess you can —
Why, naturally, a freshman.

Who walks with pockets minus hands,
Without a butt or pipe he stands,
Who caters to the "Soph's" demands —
Why, naturally, a freshman.

Who really thinks he knows the score,
Whose prep school rep is quite a bore,
I really need not tell you more —
Why, naturally, a freshman.

Who wants to lean against a bar,
Who wants to drive a classy car,
Stop — we know the shining star —
Why, naturally, a freshman.

Who quickly learns to swear and drink,
Who learns to hate his little dink,
You do not have to stop and think —
Why, naturally, a freshman.

Who when he hits the old home town,
Slays the girls with his renown,
Who, as "Joe College," is quite a clown—
Why, naturally, a freshman.

J. B. T.

The story is told of a man from a sleepy little up-state town who greatly enjoyed some snails he ordered for lunch in a New York restaurant.

"These are delicious," he said to the manager, "I wish I could get them back home."

"Don't you have them in your town?" asked the manager, rather surprised.

"Oh, yes, we have plenty of them," the up-stater replied, "but we can't catch them."

—Widow

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ALFRED BORNSTEIN, '37

In a deer reservation two young bucks were conversing. One said: "My friend, how would you like to make a little dough?" The other readily consented, and they both loped off in search of a little doe. They spied her, and drawing up to her in their most gracious fashion, they said: "Little doe, little doe, how would you like to make a couple of bucks?"

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Great Lehigh Games

continued from page 16

Now in the third quarter the bulldog is battling for its life. Slowly Lehigh is forced back, and finally Legore goes over and adds a point to put Yale ahead 7-3.

Again Lehigh starts a drive and advances the ball to the 25-yard line. The Lehigh backs can carry the ball no farther; so Cahall is called upon to kick. From the 30-yard line, he boots another goal. The scoring is ended, Yale 7, Lehigh 6. We won't forget those kicks that almost won.

The Game a Spectator Lost

Today is houseparty Saturday. The girls arrayed in the latest 1920 styles add color to the crowd of 10,000 spectators gathered in Taylor Stadium. Today "Doughty Lehigh" will meet "Unbeaten State." "Why doughty Lehigh?"

You'll see before the game is over.

That Lehigh team looks like a bunch of kids. No wonder — the team averages but 156 pounds. "Rabbit" Rote, the right half, weighs only 134 pounds. Herrington, the quarter, is 138; Savaria, at left half, is 152; and Harper, the fullback, a giant of 155. The line in front of these midgets is balanced around Hymie Goldman, the center, who tips the scales at 145. These kids have pep, speed, and brains; they'll need them all today especially since dynamic Tom Keady, coaching his last Lehigh team, is home ill. Pat Pazzetti is handling the team.

The first half is over; the score is 0-0. Lehigh takes to the air. "Rabbit" Rote, who will go back to Harrisburg to gain fame as coach of John Harris High School, is tossing pass after pass. Now Gulick gets one behind the goal, and Lehigh leads, 6-0. Maginnes adds the extra point.

Again Lehigh gets the ball, Maginnes tries for a field goal. Watch that ball. There it goes just a bit wide of the goal. But that ball lying in the end zone isn't dead; if a Lehigh man can get that ball it will be a touchdown. Goldman is coming in fast. He almost has it, but an eager spectator beats him to it. Goldman is swearing at him, and he drops the ball. Goldman is on it, but the damage has been done. The referee rules no score.

Now the heavy State team is beginning to click. Soon Way goes through for a touchdown, and Rauch ties the score. Neither team can break that tie, but tonight the whole football world will wonder when it sees that score, Lehigh 7, Penn State 7.

The Game is Won When the Whistle Blows

We are watching Lehigh take it easy today. Muh-

lenberg has never beaten Lehigh, and why should 1921 be any different? The Mules are behind, 13-0, at the beginning of the fourth period. Coach Glick is sending in his reserves. Give the subs a chance. The Mules can't do anything but throw passes. That fellow, Birney Crum, who will coach Allentown High School, is tossing them around quite freely; now Daniels gets one and goes fifty-five yards for a touchdown. Sure, Falcher kicked the goal, but what of it?

Crum is throwing more passes. They're working. Rush in the regulars, Glick. He can't. It's the Lehigh subs against the Muhlenberg regulars. Felcher goes over for Muhlenberg. Those cries, "Block that kick," won't work. Falcher scores point fourteen. Muhlenberg wins for the first time in history, and Coach Glick has lost his job.

And Nobody Had the Ball

We're watching a fast game today, November 17, 1928, between Lehigh and Rutgers in Taylor Stadium. The game has just begun, but Lehigh is ahead, 3-0, as a result of a place kick by Art Davidowitz. Now Art tosses a pass to "Cowboy" Elliott on the five-yard line. He is just a sophomore, but he's playing his last season for Lehigh. Next year, he will be a plebe at West Point. Today, he's barking signals.

The ball is on the one-yard line. The four Lehigh backs tear around the right end in perfect formation. The crowd is up crying in alarm. No wonder, some one has blundered. The ball is lying on the five-yard line. Chase, the Rutgers end, snatches it up. With a 20-yard start, he dashes 95 yards for a touchdown. For the balance of the game, the teams struggle on, but the final score is Lehigh 3, Rutgers 7.

Masters Is Master

It is October 26, 1929, and there is an enthusiastic crowd of Lehigh followers on Franklin field to



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old friends and renew your
good cheer at the

Hotel Bethlehem

TAP ROOM

Service and the Lehigh Atmosphere

see the first Lehigh-Penn game in twenty-three years. It's just a warmup game for Penn, but for Lehigh it is the big chance.

Tate's boys hold the Penn reserves; so Penn sends in its regulars. They can't get anywhere; so Masters tries a field goal, but Lehigh promptly blocks it. With two minutes to go, Lehigh has the ball. A bad pass from center bounces out of Davidowitz's hands. Maigi, Penn tackle, breaks through. Before the ball hits the ground, he grabs it and goes through for a touchdown. Masters adds the extra point.

It is the third quarter. A long punt lands in the arms of Davidowitz on Lehigh's thirty-five-yard line. Shifting and sidestepping, he starts down the field. He passes the fifty-yard line; now the forty, now the thirty. The field is clear; sixty-five yards for a touchdown, and with a place kick he ties the score.

The first play of the fourth period is a field goal by Masters. Penn is leading 10-7, but the regulars are still in the game. They carry the ball down to Lehigh's four-yard line, and it is first down. Four times the Penn quarter sends a teammate against the left side of Lehigh's line. Playing left tackle for Lehigh is William "Tubby" Miller, the best heavy-weight wrestler in the East. "Tubby" picks up the Penn backs and tosses them back across the scrimmage line. It's Lehigh's ball, but Penn wins, 10-7.

Lehigh Waited for This Game

There are 18,000 people here today, November 26, 1929, to see this sixty-third meeting of Lehigh and Lafayette. There isn't a vacant seat in Taylor Stadium, for Lehigh has a chance to win. Not since 1918 has the Brown and White downed Lafayette, but today the team that held Penn to a 10-7 victory will trim the Marquis.

The game opens, and Lehigh takes the offensive. Art Davidowitz scores seven points, and for the first time since 1924 Lehigh has scored earlier in the game than the Leopards. Davy tosses a pass to Tommy Nora, and he goes thirty yards for a touchdown. Davy fails to add the extra point. Socolow is sent into the game for Lafayette. He's very light and very fast. One run after another, and he goes over for a touchdown, but "Tubby" Miller blocks Alan Cook's kick.

There is no scoring in the period, but in the final quarter, Thompson makes another touchdown for Lafayette. Cook again fails to kick the goal. Cook is failing the Marquis this afternoon. He is considered one of the best place kickers in the country, but twice he has failed. He will get one more chance. With five minutes to go, he tries for a field goal; he

is hurried, and the ball goes wide. Lafayette has lost, 13-12.

And the Band Went to Princeton

It is November 8, 1930, the band is going to Princeton. The men are full of confidence for haven't they outmarched and out-tooted every other band in the East. Even the Princeton men admit this. They're especially glum, for the football team about which they used to brag when their band lost has won but one game so far this season. Of course, the Lehigh band has the varsity football team with them as a sort of reward for practicing five nights a week.

The crowd gives the band a big hand as it marches onto the field. Then the bandsmen retire to the stands to smile tolerantly at the Varsity. Let the gridders waste an hour, and then they will show the Princeton followers what a real band can do.

The football game starts. It isn't long until Halsted hits left tackle for sixty yards and a touchdown. Ware kicks goal. A few minutes later Princeton is trying a forward pass, Clark, right end, snares it and goes sixty-six yards for a touchdown. Lehigh is leading Princeton, 13-0, and the band is forgotten. But the Tiger is still snarling. In the second period, Knell gets a touchdown, and Purnell adds the point. Lehigh is playing defensive ball now.

"Hold that lead," is the cry.

And Lehigh holds except late in the game when Ware's kick is blocked, and Princeton gets a safety. That ends the scoring, but for the first time in 33 games, Princeton has lost to Lehigh.

The English are a phlegmatic race. I was once week-ending with an Englishman and his wife. Entirely by accident, I happened, one day, on the Englishman's wife in her bath. Making a hurried retreat I immediately sought out my host, who was reading in his room, and proffered an apology. He brought his head up out of his book and regarded me for a moment.

"Skinny old thing, isn't she?" he remarked.

—Exchange

The wearing of a frat pin used to denote an engagement. Now it only shows that there has been a small skirmish.

—Sundial

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*Oh read! Ye intelligent people of Lehigh! Ice cream is as necessary as rain
when the ground is parched; it makes the heart light and soothes the stomach. It
dispells gloomy thoughts, and brings health and strength.*

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During the year ending June 30,
1900, the Government collected
from cigarette taxes

\$3,969,191

For the year ending June 30,
1934, the same taxes were

\$350,299,442

an increase of 8725%

—a lot of money.

*Cigarettes give a lot of
pleasure to a lot of people.*



More cigarettes are smoked today because more people know about them—they are better advertised.

But the main reason for the increase is that they are made better—made of better tobaccos; then again the tobaccos are blended—a blend of Domestic and Turkish tobaccos.

*Chesterfield is made of mild, ripe tobaccos.
Everything that science knows about is used in
making it a milder and better-tasting cigarette.*

We believe you will enjoy them.

